

*The Chronicle History*

*Enter the Herald.*

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not  
That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome?

*Her.* I come great King for charitable fauour,  
To sort our Nobles from our common men,  
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,  
Which in the fiede lye spoiled and troden on,

*Kin.* I tell thee truly Herald,  
I do not know whether the day be ours or no:  
For yet a many of your French do keepe the field.

*Her.* The day is yours.

*Kin.* Praised be God therefore:  
What Castle call you that?

*Her.* We call it Agincourt.

*Kin.* Then call we this the fiede of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin, Crispianus.

*Flew.* Your Grandfather of famous memory,  
If your Grace be remembred,  
Is do good seruice in France.

*King.* Tis true *Flewellen*.

*Flew.* Your Maiesty sayes very true.  
And it please your Maiesty,  
The Welshmen there was do good seruice,  
In a Garden where Leekes did grow,  
And I thinke your Maiesty will take no scorne,  
To weare a Leeke in your cap vpon S. Dauides day.

*King.* No *Flewellen*, for I am Welsh as well as you.

*Flew.* All the water in Wye will not wash your welch  
Blood out of you. God keepe it, and preferue it,  
To his graces will and pleasure.

*King.* Thankes good Countrey-man.

*Flew.* By Iesu I am your Maiesties Countryman, (man.  
I care not who kno it, so long as your maiesty is an honest

*King.* God keepe me so. Our Herald go with him,  
And bring vs the number of the scattered French,

*Exit Herald.*

Call

*of Henry the first.*

Call yonder souldier hither.

*Flew.* You fellow, come to the King.

*Kin.* Fellow, why dost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

*Soul.* And please your maiesty, tis a rascalles that swag-  
gard with me the other day: and he hath one of mine, the  
which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him: so hath he  
the like to mee.

*Kin.* How thinke you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull to keep his  
Oath?

*Fl.* And it please your Maiesty tis lawfull to keep his vow  
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggarly knaue, as  
treads vpon too blacke shooes.

*King.* His enemy may be a Gentleman of worth.

*Flew.* And if he be as good a Gentleman as Lucifer and  
Belzebub, and the diuell himselfe,  
Tis meete he keepe his vow.

*King.* Well firrha keepe your word,  
Vnder what Captaine seruest thou?

*Soul.* Vnder Captaine *Gower*.

*Flew.* Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine,  
And hath good litterature in the warres.

*Kin.* Go call him hither.

*Soul.* I will my Lord.

*Exit souldier.*

*Kin.* Captaine *Flewellen*, when *Alanson* and I  
Were downe together, I tooke this gloue from his helmet,  
Heere *Flewellen* weare it.

If any challenge it, he is a friend of *Alonsens*,  
And an enemy to me.

*Flew.* Your Maiesty doth me as great a fauour,  
As can be desired in the hearts of his subiects.  
I would see that man now that wold challenge this gloue  
And it please God of his grace I would but see him,  
That is all.

*King.* *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine *Gower*?

*Flew.* Captaine *Gower* is my friend

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